

The Gambler

Xzibit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah c'mon welcome yeah huh
There's plenty of room for everybody man
Yeah bangin' come on yeah lookHuh, stay in my lane like a hustla never hate a motherfucker
Tolerate a motherfucker to a certain extent
When it's on, it's over don't get no chance to get popping
Forgotten about you before your body cold in a coffin
Just another failed attempt, you fall through the cracks
Sure as God made man, the first man was black
The Black man made pyramids and gangsta rap
That's all I know, 'cuz poppa didn't raise no ratsFace the facts not the fiction
I build my empire from a pocket full of stones and a fifth of ambition
Niggas wanna ball but they never wanna listen
So instead of coming up, they just, come up missin'
My mission is to hit with precision, shake whole continents
Crush niggas' confidence, expose my dominance
Without no conflict, you'll never have progress
I'm sending this one out to all the neighborhoods and projects, I'm aOne shot gambler two shot gambler
Three time felon with that itch for dough
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'
I'm guilty tryna make a living
Thirty eight albums and still no dollars
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'?
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'
I'm guilty for tryna make a livingBitch I ain't tryna holler at you
I'm just wanna smoke, drink, fuck and toss a couple dollars at you
I'm fightin' dirty, I'll take thirty of you motherfuckers
I'm throwing cheap shots, low blows and sucker punches
I'm not for the games, I'm not in the mood
Not to be confused with dudes that fumble and lose
Xzibit move when I hear opportunity knockin'
But I'm a shoot straight through the door if you comin' with problemsIt's too crowded at the bottom, too lonely
at the top

Ain't no in between, trust me, like it or not
We gon' be here forever like cops and roaches
Do not approach us, ferocious, we pop them toasters, nigga
I'm a have to hit the block, then around to my hoes
I got a haze, two trays, and a change of clothes 'cuz
Pimpin' ain't easy y'all, it's too sleazy
Too greasy and I can't take it easy One shot gambler two shot gambler
Three time felon with that itch for dough
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'
I'm guilty tryna make a living
Thirty eight albums and still no dollars
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'?
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'
I'm guilty for tryna make a living Every time I try to get out
I get dragged right the fuck back in, it's like I'm never gon' win
Nigga got the whole world on his back
Overreact, matter fact we act like when animals attack
I know, pussy sells faster than crack, ambassador rap
Twist back your salary cap, who fuckin' with that?
Welcome to the X games, enjoy my pain
Inhale my smoke, it's hard not to cough or choke Motorola nigga up the old fashion way
This ain't rap, this is shit that I was born to say
Though lately I been having dilemmas, with insignificant niggas
And half' ass rappers that think they can get it
We the golden state, we keep the whole thing bouncing
Y'all move units, we move mountains
Y'all rap for bullshit, tryna be on TV
We seen you, now we don't like Chandra Levy, I'm a One shot gambler two shot gambler
Three time felon with that itch for dough
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